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WAR IN ENGLAND'S WAR DEPARTMENT.

Feud Between Secretary of State for War, the Marquis of Landsdowne, and Commander-in-Chief Lord Wolseley Similar to the Alger-Miles Case in this Country.

London, February 1.—Already it is evident that a great feud which has gone on quietly for several months is likely to burst into flame in the session of Parliament just begun. A few have known of it from the first, and many have guessed at it within the last four weeks, yet with characteristic English reserve, nothing has been said about it in public. But it can not be smothered any longer.

Aside from the human interest that attaches to a scrap, this affair is noteworthy, especially in the United States, where almost exactly the same kind of thing happened in the Spanish-American war, although perhaps for a different set of reasons.

The opponents are the Marquis of Lansdowne, secretary of state for war, and Viscount Wolseley, Field Marshal and commander-in-chief of the British army since 1895. The bitterness that exists between them is equal to the bitterness that was said to exist between Secretary Alger and Gen. Miles.

Before Parliament is many days older the noble marquis will be the center of attack from all along the liberal line. That much is certain already. It has been hinted pretty definitely by friends and relatives of the marquis that when he is so attacked he will bring forward evidence to show that it was the military head of the army, not the civil head, that was at fault. That, of course, means Gen. Wolseley, and the stiff old soldier is mad about it. On at least one occasion recently he has broken out in the presence of friends, and a few days ago the Manchester Guardian, in what is understood to have been an inspired utterance, said:

"If Lord Wolseley is assailed in any public fashion he will deliberately reveal the actual position he has taken in connection with our military armaments."

Lord Lansdowne evidently considered this statement authoritative enough, for his brother-in-law, Lord Ernest Hamilton, who could not be expected to have spoken without conferring with his distinguished relative, promptly retorted:

"If our military administration has failed so signally to ground itself and its disciples in the essential principles governing modern warfare, is it not conceivable that the errors of the war office may not be entirely attributable to the incapacity of the civil side? * * * May I be allowed to draw the attention of those interested to the following sentence in the commander-in-chief's speech of November 6: 'We have found that the enemy who declared war against us—for they are the aggressors—are much more powerful and numerous than we anticipated.'"

It is clear enough that by the time the opposition gets through with its attacks on the present government for mismanagement of the war, and by the time the Boers get through taking advantage of that mismanagement, the war department will be ready for the greatest shake-up it has known within the memory of its oldest fossil.

As a veteran war correspondent observed to me yesterday: "The war office has always been the weed garden of British politics and society. It has been the one remaining department in which the royal family has had much personal influence available for providing fat places for high-born but otherwise undistinguished personages, from the Duke of Cambridge down. Hence the most important office in the cabinet next to that of premier has been, above all others, the society portfolio. Billets in the war office have been sought after even more than good places in the treasury. The best families have always been wanting places there for their sons.

"It was society as much as politics that sent to the front some of the generals now there. There is no harm in mentioning the name of one of them, for even the Times has printed letters in which it is stated without reserve that he has not proved himself to be the man for the place. Gen. Paul Methuen is the man referred to. I am told that his was a society appointment, pure and simple, and it is reasonable to suppose that the marquis of Lansdowne was responsible for it, although all important appointments are supposed to come primarily from the commander-in-chief, subject to the indorsement of the war secretary."

Perhaps some facts about the present secretary of state for war will help American readers to get a better grip on the present peculiar state of affairs and will prove interesting, especially as he was a near neighbor for five years, having been governor general of Canada from 1883 to 1888. His name is Henry Charles Keith Petty-Fitzmaurice, and the mere initials of his titles would stretch across two columns of this newspaper. He comes from one of the oldest and haughtiest families in the kingdom, dating to the twelfth century. He succeeded his father, the fourth marquis, when he was only 21, and became lord of the treasury three years later. He has been in office almost steadily for the last thirty years, his highest post previous to that he holds now having been that of governor general of India from 1888 to 1893.

In all this long political career he has always been suave, kindly, careful and harmless. Probably no other man in England has had so many important offices and made so few mistakes. There used to be a theory that was carefully hidden from schoolboys, and that, even after they grew up, was imparted to them only with reluctance, although experience frequently proved the theory to be sound. It was that the man who never made a mistake never was likely to amount to a row of pins.

Lord Landsdowne was a liberal until Mr. Gladstone's home rule bill sent him over to the other side. His reward was the appointment by Lord Salisbury to be governor general of India, and after his return thence to be secretary of state for war. In India he had rather a lively time of it, but his doctrine of let-well-enough-alone served him in good stead. Doubtless it would have done the same in the war office if the Boers had not mixed things up.

It has been said that no great amount of love has been lost between Gen. Wolseley and Lord Landsdowne from the beginning. Gen Wolseley was first on the ground and it was a big day in the war office when he made his appearance there as commander-in-chief in 1895, succeeding the old duke of Cambridge, the queen's first cousin, who had held that place for almost forty years. The duke is a delightful old gentleman, but not exactly what one would call progressive. He had a royal scorn of new-fangled ideas.

It had been apparent for years that the British army would not necessarily suffer if some other man than the duke were made its commander-in-chief, but as he was the queen's cousin no one dared tackle the problem seriously, until Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the present much-criticised liberal leader in the house of commons, undertook the task. Sir Henry was secretary of war from 1892 to 1895, and those who are jumping on him now because he is so diplomatic that one never can feel sure that he really thinks, occasionally temper their criticism when they remember that it was this same smoothness on which the ancient duke slid out of office without knowing exactly what had happened to him. Through Sir Henry's influence Viscount Wolseley, whom many regarded at that time as the foremost soldier in the empire, was made commander-in-chief of the army.

Before the appointment was confirmed the liberal government suddenly tripped and fell over a snap vote on cordite, and for a little time there was hope on the part of the duke's supporters that he might get back into office again. It is not impossible that the marquis of Landsdowne, who succeeded Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in office, laid a foundation for bad feeling between himself and Gen. Wolseley by supporting the claims of the duke of Cambridge.

But at any rate the voice of the people made itself heard, and Gen. Wolseley remained in his place.

And what sort of man is Gen. Wolseley?

There are almost as many different opinions about him as there are men who have served under him. He is not half so popular a figure as little Lord Roberts, who has in some sense been his rival ever since both entered the army in the early 50s. Although a year older and a year earlier in the service "Little Bobs" did not become a captain until 1860, whereas Wolseley was a captain in 1855. From that time on the two have raced ahead almost evenly, wound for wound, medal for medal, promotion for promotion. Whatever Wolseley got "Little Bobs" got a year or two later, until they were as far up the ladder as there was room for two men, Wolseley becoming field marshal in 1894, and Roberts in 1895. Perhaps "Little Bobs" would have liked to be commander-in-chief, and his supporters would have been plentiful, but as Viscount Wolseley had a little the start of him and was senior officer, tradition required that he should be chosen.

Comparison between the two rivals, who have been running neck and neck for half a century, is inevitable, but probably rather unprofitable. Gen. Wolseley is a reserved man, who, so far as outward appearances went, never cared much for popularity, whereas Lord Roberts never has been averse to applause. The newspaper correspondents always had a better show with him than they did with Wolseley. Still, no one doubts that both of them are gallant soldiers.

The many acknowledged blunders at the beginning of this war indicate the need of a shake-up in the war office, and the temper of the House of Commons indicates a determination to find out whether these blunders can be laid at the door of the Marquis of Landsdowne or of Gen. Wolseley.

One thing in particular is to be determined, and if it turns out as some of Gen. Wolseley's friends contend that it will, it is not unlikely that it will lead to the resignation of the Marquis of Landsdowne. This extraordinary affair concerns the status of Sir William Francis Butler, who was in command of the troops in South Africa until the Transvaal war became a certainty. It was his place to learn and to report the exact strength of the Boers and to provide the British government with such information as would enable it to be prepared fully to cope with them. Yet every one knows now that the Boers caught Great Britain unprepared.

It was said at first that Sir William had been either blind or traitor. That extreme word was actually used in public speeches. Sir William said nothing, and when he reached home received a nominal promotion. Since then the rumor has spread that Sir William not only was informed as to the strength of the Boers, but that he urged and pleaded with the war office repeatedly for immediate preparation on their part. Some of Gen. Wolseley's supporters are saying that he backed Sir William's report, but that the Marquis of Landsdowne shelved it.

In the light of all these facts, it seems likely that Lord Landsdowne will be advised to resign the war portfolio before many weeks are over, not because he has done anything wrong, but because, so far as known, he has done nothing strong. Already some of the leading conservatives are admitting as much. Besides, he is not a real conservative, but only a liberal unionist.

The British war offices are involved as much architecturally as they are politically. The familiar old building on Pall Mall, which generally is known as the war office, is in reality only one of fifteen buildings in which the work of the department is carried on by 700 men. Nine of them are strung along helter skelter in Pall Mall, and the others are scattered around elsewhere. Lord Landsdowne and Lord Wolseley are in the main building, and both are exceedingly busy in these war times. Ten o'clock usually finds them at their desks, and both consider themselves lucky if they can manage to get away by 8 o'clock.—Curtis Brown, in St. Louis Globe Democrat.

CHIEF WARD OF THE HOSPITAL SHIP MAINE.

AFRICA'S HISTORIC RIVER OF BLOOD.

Native Name of the Tugela River and Some History Which Shows Its Appropriateness—Scenes of Terrific Contest Where Boer and Briton Have Recently Fought.

The noise of war, the horrible struggle of battles, the groans of the dying, the shouts of the victors, are not new things along the banks of the Tugela, and the hills around Spion Kop have looked upon worse scenes of carnage than they see now. Its banks have echoed and re-echoed with these sounds in the past, and Buller and Joubert have but added a few notes to its song of war. So many battles have taken place on the river where Buller and Joubert are now struggling that it is known to the natives as Blood River, and is frequently called by that name among the Boers.

The first known battle to have occurred on its banks took place during 1832 or 1833, between Zulus and Kaffirs, not far from what is now Weenen, although not quite so far inland, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The great Zulu chief, Tchaka, had succeeded in conquering nearly all of the Kaffir country south of the Tugela, and had driven the inhabitants either to the coast or far into the south, when, for some reason that is not known to this day, a large party of Kaffir warriors and many gathered from other tribes decided to go up the Tugela from where they were at that time located near its mouth on the coast.

In 1827 the history of South Africa chronicles an event that is commonly called "Ditayo's uprising," although this is a misnomer, for it was not an uprising at all.

In February, 1838, occurred the massacre of Piet Retief and seventy of his followers just a little west of the ground where the British and Boers have been struggling for so many weeks. Retief was at the head of a large caravan of Boers which had trekked into the Zulu country. He and his followers had been enticed into Dingaan's kraal to attend a big feast and were treacherously slain while enjoying the blacks' hospitality. The balance of the caravan succeeded in defending themselves from Dingaan's attack, and the Zulu then swept down the Tugela, slaying all the Boers he could find that had not placed themselves in a position to resist his onslaught. The number of Boers Dingaan killed in this raid run up into the hundreds. The Boers who had intrenched themselves, however, were unable to escape, and when information of their plight reached the coast Boers been accepted. At last a large force was completely organized, consisting principally of British colonists, though it also numbered many friendly natives and a few Boers. The expedition marched west along the Tugela. They had two battles with the Zulus, in both of which they were victorious, but were finally led into an ambuscade, not many miles from the now famous Spion Kop, where the relief expedition was completely annihilated. After this victory Dingaan bore down upon the main body of Boers, the caravan which had been under the command of Piet Retief, and fell upon the laager with a force of nearly 10,000 warriors. There were but 400 fighting men in this laager, but they completely defeated Dingaan by making use of strategy, the thing they have used so well in their present war. A force of 200 horsemen were sent out from the laager, and, falling upon the Zulus from the rear, created a panic in the army of blacks, which was defeated with a loss of about 3,000 warriors, a defeat that broke Dingaan's power and sent him into ignominious exile. This victory occurred on December 16, a day that is celebrated as the principal event of the year in the Transvaal. And another bar had been added to the song of war the Tugela babbles to the sea.

Save for innumerable small fights, peace now reigned along the Tugela, until Cetewayo and Umbulazi, the two sons of Pande, king of the Zulus, began to quarrel over their right of succession to the throne. So fierce did their quarrel become that it finally led to a civil war. The nation was divided over the claims of the brothers and their forces finally met on the Tugela within sight of the Draakensburgs, in December, 1859. All day the struggle continued. The ground trembled with the rush of fighting men, and the hills echoed the shouts and the roar of battle. For hours the struggle continued without an apparent advantage on either side, when Cetewayo and Umbulwazi, who had been fighting in the front ranks of their respective armies, finally came face to face, and a terrible duel ensued between them. Mightily did these brothers, giants in strength, battle together; but Umbulazi was at last dispatched by an assegai thrust, and his army, disheartened at the loss of their leader, fled from the field. This was one of South Africa, and if the ghosts of warriors linger about the field of their death, over 10,000 who died in that struggle between brothers are gazing at the fighting now going on but a short distance from where they encountered death reaping his harvest from the plain of war.

Although Umbulazi's followers had fled from the field on the death of their leader, they did not abandon the fight, but scattered over the country in guerrilla bands and continued the war until 1861, when Cetewayo was declared the legal successor to Pande. Many battles during this period occurred along the Tugela. Fifteen fights, in which enough warriors were engaged to warrant calling them battles, took place, and in one, which occurred during the latter part of 1860, at a spot about 100 miles from the mouth of the Tugela, nearly 1,200 warriors were slain, including several of Cetewayo's most prominent partisans.

After the subjugation of the Zulus by the British, in 1879, the country was divided up into thirteen districts, and these were given by the British to eleven Zulu chiefs, one Basuto chieftain and one white man, all of whom had helped the British in their war. This arrangement resulted in numerous petty wars, but during this period only one battle occurred on or near the Tugela. This was between a large party of Basutos and a Zulu impi. It was an all-day fight, but the Basutos drove their adversaries from the field with enormous loss. This fight, in which more lives were lost than in all of Buller's fighting, occurred in a defile of the Draakensburgs, not five miles from the scene of the battle of Spion Kop a defile that is probably held by the Boers today. And now, don't you think the Zulu name of Blood is more appropriate than Tugela, for that stream which flows by so many battlefields and along whose banks so many good fighting men—white and black—have sacrificed their lives on the gory altar of war?

FIELD GUNS UNDER GENERAL KELLY-KENNY TO JOIN GATACRE.

The British plan is to have these two armies form a junction with General French, route the Boers from Colesberg by the overwhelming strength of the massed troops and then join Methuen in a grand advance into the Free State territory, thereby compelling the Boers to raise the siege of Kimberley and Mafeking and possibly Ladysmith, in order to defend their own homes.

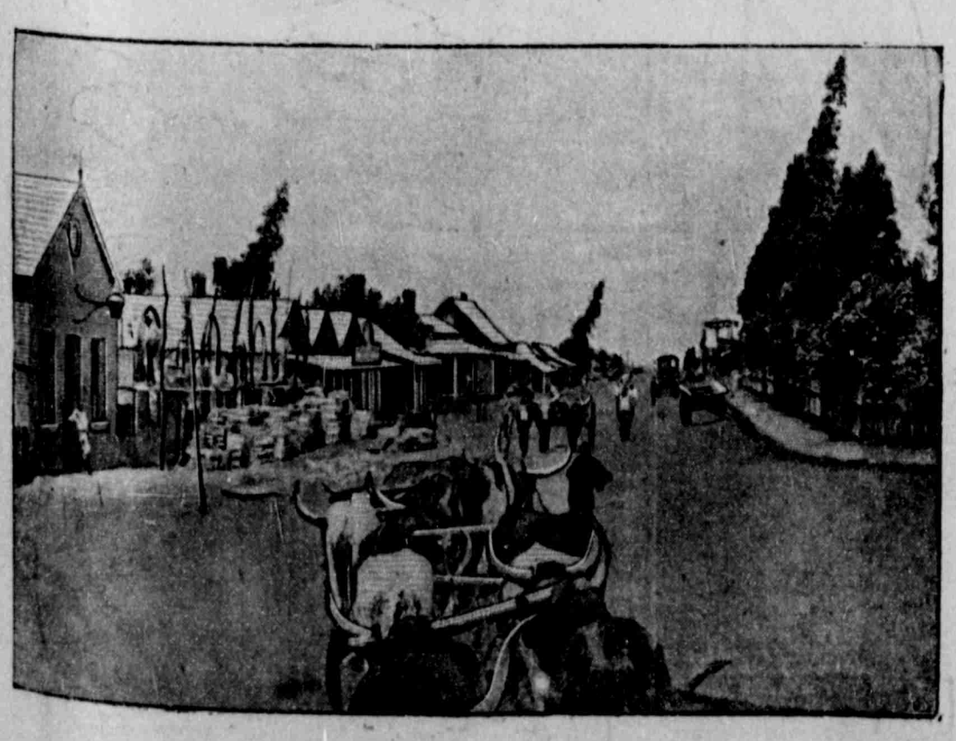
BRINGING UP THE GUNS AT STERKSTROOM UNDER A HOT FIRE.

The Boers aim at the horses when artillery or cavalry come within range of the mausers. The success of this plan at the Tugela fight, when the British lost part of their artillery through the killing of the horses by the Boers, proved the efficacy of a sharpshooters' fire on badly supported artillery.

HUMANITY OF THE BOERS.

There are ruffians on both sides, but on the whole the war seems to have been conducted as humanely as war can. British and Boer doctors and clergymen have combined to do all that science and religion can to soften the hardships and mitigate the horrors of battle.

PEACE IN THE VERY CENTER OF THE HOTTEST WAR AREA.



Photograph of a street in the neutral section at Ladysmith. General Joubert refused to allow noncombatants to leave the beleagured city, for the more mouths White has to feed the sooner he will be starved out. But permission was given to set apart the above section as a neutral camp and here there is absolute safety from Boer guns, although the place is within range of the besiegers' artillery.